SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH.

"He that will not reason, is a bigot; he that cannot, is a fool; and he that dare not, is a slave."

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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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POETRY.

For the Southern Telegraph.

The following lines, Mr. Editor, are the production of an idle moment, and should you deem them worthy of publication, they are at your service. Extreme *youth* and *inexperience* are the only apologies the author can offer.

INVITATION.....To Miss -------.

Come, fairy one, and let us rove
Across yon fragrant meadow, free;
Come, let us wander thro' the grove,
And hear the birds' sweet melody.
The moon has risen o'er the height,
And paints the meadow's liv'ry green,
Come, let us wander by her light
To view the pleasant woodland scene.

The moon is shedding forth her light,
The stars are beaming from their dome,
And glitt'ring are the roses bright
With dew-drops on their blushing bloom.
The birds are in their minstrel grove,
And nature's in her smiling green—
Come, fairy one, and let us rove
Beneath you cloudless sky serene.

We'll wander forth by yonder stream,
Inhale the lily's sweet perfume—
We'll see the dew-drops brightly gleam
Upon the roses' blushing bloom;
And then we'll wander forth along
It moon-lit shore 'mid sweet perfume,
And hear the mocking-bird's gay song
Pass off in wild and witching tone.

We'll cross yon woodland meadow wild,
Where nature's charms are now display'd—
We'll see the garden flower exil'd,
Where beauty's footsteps never stray'd;
And from the fair prolific stems
The tender, odorif'rous flower
We'll pluck, all glitt'ring as the gems
Of a fairy's golden bower.

Now from the pendant oaken boughs
"The nightingale's high note is heard,"
Where lovers fain would pledge their vows,
And heave a sigh at ev'ry word.
The intervening moonbeam-play
In splendor round this lovely scene,
And every thrilling songster's lay
Invites us to the woodland scene.

And when these scenes cease to delight,
And sleep falls heavy on our eyes,
We'll bid adieu the moonlit night,
And cease to hear those melodies.
Come, fairy one, and let us rove
Across yon fragrant meadow, free;
Come, let us wander thro' the grove,
And hear the birds' sweet melody.

MILO.

FROM A FOREIGN JOURNAL.

Oh, what woes are mine to bear,
Life's fair morn with clouds o'ercasting!
Doom'd the victim of despair—
Youth's gay bloom pale sorrow blasting!

And the bird that sings alone,
Flies 'o wilds, unseen to languish,
Pours, unheard, the ceaseless moan,
And wastes on desert air its anguish!

Mine, O hapless bird! thy fate—
The plunder'd nest—the lonely sorrow!
The lost, the lov'd, harmonious mate—
The wailing night—the cheerless morrow!

O, thou dear hoard of treasur'd love!
Though these fond arms should ne'er possess thee,
Still, still my heart its faith shall prove,
And its last sighs shall breathe to bless thee.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Western Literary Journal.

BLACK-EYED SUE.

Sue Thornton was certainly the most magical creature of whom the town could boast. She was the owner of a brilliant black eye, a fair brow, shadowed by very dark tresses, a red cheek and smiling mouth, a splendid form, and a foot which would have been admired in China. With an everlasting flow of vivacity, decided talent, and quite an amiable disposition, she was altogether one of those girls with whom a sensible man falls in love extemporaneously, and for whose hand, were he a monarch, he would forfeit his kingdom.

Our hero, that is to say myself, Harry Luckless, modestly speaking, was a comely personage. He had a fine leg, and wore a tight pantaloon very genteelly—hair much like Byron's—and a manner which was admired by the girls and envied by the men. The first time on which I met Miss Susan was at a large party, where she looked like Venus in the MILK MAID's path, decidedly and far-away the most brilliant of all the breathing creatures who were killing hearts around her. We immediately became mutually interested; and I recollect that, as we promenaded together, I could not help glancing into a large looking-glass, for it seemed to me that, take us two and two out, we were rather the properest looking couple on whom the eye of man or woman oft rests delighted!

There is a sort of modesty which Will Honeycomb calls the outrageous, for which I care not a tittle. I am perfectly aware of all my defects, as well as my merits, and it therefore becomes me to say that at that period I was quite as eligible a match for a well-meaning girl as the town presented. And in sooth, I was a popular fellow with the ladies. I suspect I received more heavenly smiles than any one else; and as to kisses, I could get them just where I pleased. I was poet-laureate to the sex, and have at times had on my hands quite a library of albums, in which it was my wont to write stanzas, which put all suspicion to rest, by convincing their owners that I was not only a poet but a lover, and that they severally were the special objects of my boundless idolatry.

I was just twenty-one years and seventeen days old when I encountered Miss Susan. I had not yet gone through the ordeal of fire, and consequently my affections were fresh, tender and unseared. I was not long in determining on the propriety of marrying her, and commenced a regular series of attentions, with a direct eye to matrimony.

I called on Susan on one of the sweetest moonlight nights that ever scattered romance on the love-making month of May. My charmer sat at the window; and, after the usual preliminaries about health had been gotten through with, I proposed that we should take a walk. She assented, and soon might have been seen hanging to my arm, sauntering along, and turning up her glorious dark eye at me, after a fashion that made me feel curious, I assure you.

"How superlatively simple it is," said I, "in people to stay within doors on such a night as this, when they might be out refreshing their affections with the breath of love."

"Yes," minced my charmer—"Isn't that a glorious apostrophe to the moon, and a splendid scene in Vivian Grey? You know what I have reference to, Mr. Luckless—that scene in which Vivian stands in the old gallery, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine comes in and fastens herself on him, with the grasp of a tiger."

"Oh, yes—yes—I recollect it perfectly well. Don't you think, Miss Susan, that Vivian is a splendid hero?"

"So far as his intellect goes, I certainly do. Do you know that you often remind me of him?"

"No—in what respect?" said I, eagerly.

"Why, you are tolerably good-looking, apt at manœuvring, at flattery and good dinners, and withal, quite self-possessed, when one is inclined to think you rather impudent."

"If I thought you believed what you said, Susan, I would run and jump into the river without parley."

"Well, I advise you to start off, sir, for I assure you I believe every word I said."

"Now, Miss, I won't drown myself for spite. It might be advisable to take a leap into the flood, however, after the manner of Sappho, and cure my heart of love."

"If you have any of that useless commodity about you, I would advise you to take the lover's leap. It would delight me to see you floundering about in the waters, and your ghost certainly would frighten the little fishes into ecstacies."

"But suppose I should get drowned?"

"Why, then, I would write your epitaph, and shortly after become a subject for the doctors—presenting the rare spectacle of a young lady pining away into the land of shadows of a broken heart."

What fools the raillery of a pretty girl makes of the best of us! I couldn't say a word by way of retort.

"Come, let's sit down on this log," said I. And we were seated.

"How beautiful the Ohio looks by moonlight," said I, "and yonder hills look like the residences of fairies and spirits disembodied of their clay."

"Yes—this is a splendid night. Let's see—what's that Tom Moore has about Isis in his far-famed Epicurean:

——'It was one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the sweet star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream'—

"That is just such a night as this, I suppose, Mr. Luckless."

"Very likely—I sometimes wish I had lived in Egypt. I love their superstitions."

"And *then* you might have been worshipped."

"How?"

"You know *calves* were sacred, and adored."

"Now that's too bad, Susan—and just when I was going to be extremely interesting and romantic on the subject of Grecian and Egyptian Mythology—about Isis and Osiris, Typhon, who will get you if you don't reform, and all the rest of their ten thousand deities."

"I am sorry I lost a disquisition by my remark; but consider, it was so irresistibly appropriate!"

"Susan, I will postpone my disquisition for the purpose of hearing you sing."

"Well—what will you have?"

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

"I have met you by moonlight alone—and what more would you have?"

"The song."

And she did sing it with a heavenly melody, there by the river side, and with the moon looking so calmly down upon her beautiful face. The echoes died away in the mingling waters, and as for my heart, its peace was unusually disturbed—for never did I gaze on any one who looked the music she sang so perfectly.

After she finished, we arose and started for home. Now, gentle reader, I do not mean to make a brag scene out of the foregoing; my only object was to ventilate my heroine, and let you into a few of the mysteries of her being. And trusting that I have accomplished that much, we will now, with your permission, attend to other matters. On the very next night, I introduced an old bachelor friend of mine to Susan. He was near forty, rather dry, and very rich. When we left the house, Mr. Richard [illegible] that he admired my fancy deusedly.

I frequently met him there afterwards; and in less than a month, I thought the old gentleman showed the premonitories of a decided case of love. I took it to be rather a curious conjuncture, but amused myself very much at the fellow's vanity, in supposing that he could get such a girl as Susan Thornton to wed him, particularly when there was so strong a probability that she would shortly be honored with the offer of the hand of Mr. Harry Luckless. I say I was surprised; but when I reflected that love makes fools of the greatest men, I was satisfied that the folly of my friend Dick Worthall was quite excusable. I smiled at the prospect of such a rival, and suffered him to go on his own way, believing that he would come to his senses during the moment on which he should make a declaration. As the season advanced, Susan and her cousin Sally Thornton made up their minds to make an invasion of the —— Springs. Mr. Worthall proposed to me that he and I should offer our services as gallants to the ladies. I had but one objection, and that was that I had not the where with; and as my practice was but slight, there was no prospect of my ability being increased very soon. My friend offered to loan me a sum sufficient to pay my expenses, if I would arrange the matter with the ladies, and I consented. The preliminaries of our journey were soon agreed on, and we made preparations for a two weeks' visit to the springs.

The day arrived on which we were to start, and I by this time became convinced that Worthall intended to bear the fair one to the altar, if he could in any way gain her consent. Now I did not believe that Susan could possibly think of him, while I, his superior in every thing, only awaited a fair opportunity to disburthen my heart of its burning tide of passion. But notwithstanding my self-confidence, I could not help feeling occasionally a slight pang of jealousy, as I regarded Worthall's kindnesses, and the apparent gratefulness with which Susan received them. No, it could not be—she had too much sense to sacrifice herself to one so old merely because he had cash. Her heart harbored not so impure a desire as avarice. One so young, so gifted, so beautiful, would not sell her charms to Mammon—and I spurned the thought as unholy, and anticipated the day as not far distant on which the irrevocable link should bind our twin destinies together.

Thus stood affairs at the time of our departure for the —— Springs.

Midsummer's sun was blazing in the heavens and scorching the earth, when we got into quarters at the Springs. Every body was there, from the loud-mouthed politician to the impalpable dandy. The Springs, you know, are the resort of all those ladies who are in the market, and the romance of their vicinity has a most unquestionable tendency to developе the germs of the tenderest passions. For myself, I was already in about as pretty a plight as love could place me, when I arrived, and it seemed to me that every body else's business there was to procure sweethearts. Susan was the lioness, *bona fide* and unapproachable. The fresh air of the country gave additional freshness to her charms, and she looked and moved the impersonation of loveliness—the empress of that empire of love.

There was much other beauty there; but she was like Sirius among the fixed stars. Other ladies might look the missiles of love, but her arrowy glances struck with unerring precision.

Had I not felt so sure of the success of my suit, I certainly should have been much troubled with the attentions with which my charmer was greeted in every direction. My good friend, Mr. Worthall, to be sure, was very devoted, but what had I to fear from one of his age and pretensions?

Two weeks had been wasted, and we were to return home on the next morning. In the evening a company of us started out on a walk. I took my proper place along side of Susan, evidently to the chagrin of Dick, who hated the consignment to Miss Sally, when her peerless cousin was at hand. We wandered about a good deal, and at length I managed to extricate my companion and myself from the rest of the company. We roved about, and arriving on the bank of a noisy stream, Susan said she was quite wearied out, and seated herself on a rock, to wait, as she said, for the rest. I placed myself at the lady's feet. The moon was visible through the branches over us, and as the beams played on Susan's features, she looked to me the very image of all that the poet in his rapt mood had ever dreamed of. The water-falls beneath us flung magic on the scene, and I felt that the hand of fate was on the curtain of my destiny.

"What makes you sombre—'has sorrow thy young heart shaded,' or have you very unpoetically got the blues?"—said Susan.

"I was thinking"—

"Why do you think?" interrupted Susan. "I can assure you that it is very preposterous to be thinking at such a time as this. Thinking, when the moon-beams are dancing among the leaves which shade you; thinking, when the melody of the waters is ringing in the air; thinking, when I am beside you; fie, fie, Mr. Harry Luckless, rally, and be yourself again."

"What would you have me do, at such a season—be as barren of thought as the rock beneath you?" "By no means. On such occasions I always resign myself to the spirit which is abroad, and drink deeply of the feelings which it arouses. To be sure, I like the crazy whirl of thoughts which the magic that rules this place is so well calculated to produce; but then, I like the feelings it awakens to be mingled with them, that I may revel in their united and intense excitement."

"I do feel an intense excitement, Susan," said I, grasping the small, soft hand which lay before me—"I do feel an intense excitement. I think, my thoughts are as one: I feel, but have only one feeling. Here, beneath these trees, and in the presence of the wildly romantic spirit which we both admit, I declare"—

"Stop! hush! hush!" exclaimed Susan, in a loud whisper—"stop, here comes Mr. Worthall and Sally."

She sprang to her feet, and waved her hand toward me, which I grasped and pressed to my lips. That kiss, thought I, seals our destinies—and I was imparadised.

"Ah! we've caught the truants at last," exclaimed Dick, as he came up with cousin Sally on his dexter arm. "Why what, in the name of all that's wonderful, Miss Susan, have you and Mr. Luckless been at?"

"Oh, he's been charming me here with his poetry. Mr. Luckless, you know, has a great deal of romance and fiction in his composition, and he has been entertaining me with a rhapsody on the beauty of moonlight, waterfalls and green trees."

Give me a girl yet, to get one clear of suspicion, thought I. Her words evidently mollified the expression of mingled anxiety and agony which sat upon Mr. Worthall's features. I was so full of joy that I could not say a word. I felt that new life had dawned upon me, and was completely happy. All fear and jealousy had departed from my heart, and I looked upon Susan with a tenderness and fondness which I had not previously felt.

We were to be off on the next morning, bright and early. As I ascended to my chamber to retire, I whistled some new tune at every step. It seemed that a thousand streams of joy and merriment had met, and were discharging themselves on my heart. I retired, but scarcely slept a wink—and when I did slumber, I dreamed of Susan and Eden, and El Dorados, and every thing else that was lovely. I jumped up with the first grey tints of morning, and went forth. I felt like an emancipated spirit on the plains of Paradise. The air was heavenly, the birds sang divinely, and my mind, and heart acknowledged no influence at variance with perfect happiness.

We got home in safety. A letter had arrived during my absence, which stated that my presence was necessary elsewhere during the ensuing two weeks. I was compelled to go, although it seemed that I was going out of the world, in leaving the neighborhood of Susan—now, as I understood matters, my betrothed—although I had no opportunity of finishing the speech which I had commenced, and which was interrupted in so untimely a manner, by my friend and hopeless rival, Dick Worthall.

I thought of nothing but Susan during my absence. On the day of my return, as I was wending my way towards her residence, I was overtaken by Mr. Worthall, who said he had something very joyful, which he wanted to tell me. I went along with him to his room, berating him all the way, for occupying time which I wished to spend with a more interesting personage.

We entered Dick's room, and he drew a cork from a bottle of first-rate champaign, and we sat down to sip it, and discuss the important affair which he had to tell me. As he filled the glasses, he turned his eye on me, and said,

"I owe you a debt of gratitude, my dear fellow."

"For what?"

"For introducing me to Miss Thornton."

"Not at all—you know that, whenever I can in any wise advance your interests or happiness, you have but to command my services," said I, thinking of the hundred dollars, and several other small sums, for which I was indebted to him.

"A toast, Mr. Luckless. Here's health and happiness to the lady fair, under approaching auspices."

I responded to it, with all my heart, and emptied my glass. As he refilled it, I inquired, "Why then, she has been telling you what I expected, like most other ladies, she would have kept secret?"

"Oh, yes! she has told me a thousand secrets. The thing is fixed."

I thought it somewhat strange that Susan should have made a confidant of him, and let him into the secret of our engagement, for I certainly felt my faith plighted, by my word and act at the Springs.

"The relations subsisting between yourself, Miss Thornton, and myself, are of so social a nature, as immediately to point you out as the most suitable person to assist us on that most momentous of occasions."

What the deuce does he mean?" thought I.

"You look surprised," said he; "I was of the impression that your penetration had revealed to you the fact of our attachment, and that you had anticipated the engagement which took place between us, night before last. Bless me, Henry, you look pale—what's the matter—are you sick?"

I choked—suppressed my feelings—and tried to summon up my self-possession. If the house had given way beneath us, I could not have been more astonished than when I heard Dick's announcement. I answered.

"Yes—I'm devilish sick—I've been so for the last two or three days—I must go and take something to cure me—I will see you again, Mr. Worthall. Good morning."

I passed rapidly to my office. There was a whirlpool of feeling in my breast. In half an hour, I became more calm. And can she be false? Was not her conduct at the Springs, on that brightest of nights, in my past history, indicative of a favorable response to the declaration which she must have understood. There is some mistake—some mystery—much wrong, in this business, and I must see into it. I will keep a stiff upper lip, and she shall not see my mortification or anguish. Thus thought I, and rising, I left the office, and proceeded to Mr. Thornton's. I entered, and shook hands with Susan, who looked quite as blooming as ever. In a few minutes, I asked—

"Is what Mr. Worthall told me this morning true?"

She blushed, and asked what I referred to.

"Why, he has intimated that you and he are engaged," I replied with emotion.

"And he makes you his confidant, and you wish me to confer the same honor on you"—she said, in a light tone.

"My dear Susan," said I, taking her by the hand, "when I declared the passion which I have long felt for you, at the Springs, it was my understanding that we were of one heart and one mind."

She looked astonished, and I went on—"You heard my story until we were interrupted, and then you gave me your hand, which act I, of course, construed most favorably to my hopes."

"Well, now, Mr. Luckless, I do think that you can only blame yourself, if you are involved in difficulties. I recollect every thing which occurred; and when I waved my hand towards you, I only meant that you should say no more; and if you put any other construction on it, you did me injustice."

"And myself also," I replied; and assuming an indifferent tone, I continued, "I see how it is—my cake's all dough, and that's all about it. Mr. Worthall has honored me with an invitation to play part the second, on that occasion—can't I be the first character?"

She shook her head.

"Well, I'm in a lovely predicament without doubt—sieged and sacked—without a shilling, and without a sweetheart."

"I hope I shall not lose your friendship?"

"You never had it, Miss—so cold a feeling was never thought of, when I dreamed of you."

"Mr. Luckless, I have always been very free and open to you, and ladies in love are always reserved; and I should have thought that your sagacity would have taught you that I regarded you as a brother."

"And Mr. Worthall as a grandfather," I added.

Susan burst into tears, and I, feeling a tender mood coming over me, gave her a parting salutation, and hurried away.

I concluded to serve as a groomsman, and to hide, if possible, all the feelings of the disappointed lover from the eyes of the world. I acted my part so well, that no one, to this day, save Worthall and Susan, now his lady, knows or suspects aught of the truth.

T. H. S.

WRECK OF THE FRANCIS SPAIGHT.

HARROWING NARRATIVE, AS RELATED BY ONE OF THE CREW.

The Francis Spaight, a fine vessel of 345 tons burden, laden with timber, sailed from St. John's New Foundland, on the 24th of November. The crew mounted to fourteen men, with the captain and mate, many of whom were indifferent hands—They were mostly boatmen trained on the Shannon; some from Kilrush, a few from Tarbert, and, one or two from Foynes. Nothing could be finer than the weather for the first eight or ten days of the voyage, but it afterwards came on to blow so hard, that they were obliged to drive before the wind under a mizen topsail. At three o'clock in the morning of the 3d of December, an alarm was raised by a cry and confusion on deck.—The vessel, it appeared either steering wild through the carelessness of the helmsman, or perhaps from her bad trim, suddenly broached to and lay like a log in the trough of the sea. The day had not dawned at the time. It was still very dark, and the waves broke so frightfully over her, that the captain or mate could not get the men to obey their directions; nor even when she was filling rapidly with water, could he get them to work the pump.—In less than an hour she lay on beam ends, the greater part of the crew saved themselves by climbing on her side and clinging to the rigging.—Pat Cusack and Pat Behane, however, were drowned in the forecastle, and William Griffith, the mate, in the after cabin, into which he had gone accidentally only a few minutes before. The captian, and a man named Murville, now got to the fore and went with them over the side, and the ship almost immediately righted. As soon as she righted, being already filled with water, she settled down in the sea, and there was scarcely any portion of her to be seen, except the poop and bulwarks. No situation could be more hopeless or miserable than that of the unfortunate crew, standing ankle deep on the wreck, in the depth of a winter's night, clinging in the darkness to whatever was nearest, as sea after sea rolled successively over them; but they knew not the full horror of their condition until the dawn of the morning, for which they all were looking eastward with intense anxiety. They then discovered that their provisions had been washed overboard, and as the hold was filled by the sea, they had no means of coming at any fresh water.

The gale continued on unabating throughout the morning, and the dreadful swell every now and then swept over the decks, so that for safety, as well as for shelter, they gathered into the cabin under the poop. Even here she was so deep with water, a dry plank could not be found on which they might lie; their only rest was by standing close together, huddled up, and leaning against one another. At about ten o'clock in the forenoon a vessel was suddenly descried to the westward, and for some time it was thought possibly her course might be near them; but she stood far away beyond the reach of signal, and was soon out of sight. That day and the next passed away without the slightest change in the weather. On the third it began to moderate, during the whole of which period they remained standing in the cabin leaning against one another, or against the ship's side, unable to take rest sleep.

The greatest suffering was hunger or rather a sinking at the stomach, and from thirst, neither of which had they any conceivable means of allaying. There were eleven hands alive, and out of these not one had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck, and for drink they had only three bottles of wine, which were found in the cabin; this was served out in wine glasses at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving, getting but a scanty supply by holding the cover of a tureen under the saddle of the mizen-mast. In seven days after the appearance of the first vessel, another was seen on the weather quarter, outward bound, and only four miles north. The hopes of the crew were again revived, and their anxiety was intense for a short time. An ensign was hoistad on the mizzen mast, and part of a sail; the day was very clear, and she could not but see it, at least the wretched men thought so—but she bore away like the former, and was soon lost to their view. Despair was now in every countenance. How they lived through the succeeding five days it would be hard to tell, but no one tasted food; some few endeavored to eat the horn buttons off their jackets, the only substitute for nutriment that occurred to them.

On the 10th of December, the sixteenth day since the wreck, and since they had tasted food, many of the men were gathering together in groups, and something seemed to be in agitation amongst them. The mystery was cleared up in the course of the day. When they happend to be collected together in the cabin, the captain came off deck, addressed them about their condition. He said they were now beyond human nature to endure it any longer—that they were already on the verge of the grave, and that the only question for them to consider, was whether one or all should die? That at present it seemed certain that all must die unless food could be procured; but that if one died the rest might live until some ship come in view. His opinion was one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they had no families and could not be considered so great a loss to their friends as those who had wives and children depending on them. The lot having been cast, it fell upon a boy named O'Brien. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. His face was very pale, but not a feature of it was changed. The men now told him he must prepare for death; and the captain said it was better it should be done by bleeding him in the arm, to which O'Brien made no objection. The captain then directed the cook, John Gorman, to do it, telling him it was his duty; but Gorman strenuously refused. He was, however, threatened with death himself by the men, if he continued obstinate, and he at last consented. O'Brien then took off his jacket, without waiting to be desired, and after telling the crew, if any of them ever reached home, to tell his poor mother what had happened to him, bared his right arm. The cook cut his veins across twice with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood, upon which there seemed to be much hesitation among the men as to what could be done. They were relieved by the boy himself, who immediately desired the cook to give him the knife. When he got the knife, and was about to cut the vein, the captain recommended him the left arm, which he accordingly did. He attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow with the point of the knife, as a surgeon would, but, like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. A dead consternation now fell upon all; but in a minute or two the captain said, "This is all of no use, it is better to put him out of pain by at once bleeding him in the throat," and some of them said it was true.

At this O'Brien, for the first time, looked terrified, and begged hard that they would not do so, but give him a little time; he said he was cold and weak; but if they would let him lay down and sleep for a little while, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this there was some expression of dissent from the men, and the captain shortly after said to them, "that it was useless leaving the boy this way in pain, 'twas best at once to lay hold of him, and let the cook cut his throat!" O'Brien, now roused and driven to extremity, seamed working himself up to resistence, and declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him, 'twould be worse for him; that he'd re-appear to him at another time; that he'd haunt him after death. The poor youth was, however among so many, soon got down, and the cook was again called upon to put him to death. The man refused more strenuously than before, and another altercation arose; but weak and irresolute, and seeing that his own life would absolutely be taken instead of O'Brien's if he persisted he at length yielded to their menaces. Some one at this time brought him down a large case-knife that was on the poop, instead of the clasp-knife that he had first prepared, with which, pale and trembling, he stood over O'Brien, who was still endeavoring to free himself from those who held him. One of them now placed the cover of the tureen (which they before used to collect rain) under the boy's neck, to save the [illegible] and [illegible] to do his duty. The terror-stricken man, over and over again, endeavored to summon up hardihood enough for the deed; but when he